

Comfortable

by Keeper of the Fandom

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Summary: Hiccup had been mapping the seas around Berk for at least six months now, so when the Spirit of Winter stole all his hard work he simply HAD to get it back.

1. Comfortable

_Every so often, a person will come,
>A person like them you'll have seen none.
They'll be so perfect
for you, and you for them,
>That you'll realize you like them right there and then.
And if,
by chance, you're single at the time,
>And if, for some reason, you remember this rhyme,
You are
guaranteed a long and happy life,
>With this person that will cause you oh-so-much strife.

-Eros, God of Love

"'Kay Dad, we're headin' out!" Hiccup yelled to Stoick, clutching his unfinished map and a length of charcoal in his hand.

"Be careful son! And don't let that lizard of yours burn the map again!" Stoick shouted with a laugh, eliciting a groan from the boy.

"Ugh, don't remind me..." Hiccup murmured as he jogged out the door, eager to go despite his tone. Toothless jumped down from the roof with a gummy smile, his tail slightly moving from side to side in a fair impression of a dog.

"Looks like you're ready to go, eh bud? Lemme just get the saddle and we'll - " Hiccup began, but he was cut off by Toothless dragging the piece of leather and metal from out behind his back. Hiccup chuckled, not expecting anything less, and began strapping and buckling the ever-improving device to the dragon's back.

Barely a second after mounting the beast and clicking his prosthetic into place Hiccup found himself high above Berk, his muscles reacting automatically to the virtually faster-than-light whims and subsequent movements of the Night Fury. He switched from position to position as Toothless executed a flurry of aerial acrobatics reminiscent of Hiccup's first flight with Astrid.

A month ago Hiccup would have sighed with a no-doubt slightly toxic mixture of emotions at the mere thought of the blonde's name...but barely a week after the village-wide 'confession' in front of Hiccup's house, Hiccup found his feelings for her...dulling. Fading like the stars in the morning's light, waning like the moon outside his window, and settling like ripples on a pond, until they resembled the affections one holds for a sibling rather than the feelings of true love Hiccup thought they were.

Astrid seemed to sense this, or maybe she just noticed he didn't look at her like a love-sick puppy anymore, because the 'that's-for-this-and-that's-for-everything-else' routines she was so fond of went back to the cheek rather than the lips. Despite this they still remained great friends and great dragon trainers, and indeed, without the distraction of his feelings for Astrid, Hiccup had become an even greater dragon trainer than he was before (If that was even possible).

He began noticing little things about the dragons he hadn't before, like how Stormfly's spikes always rippled slightly when she was upset, or how Meatlug seemed to switch foods at a moment's notice as if craving different things. He became more efficient in the forge as well, getting a week's worth of weapons sharpened and augmented in a few days, far faster than Gobber could ever manage (even with all his limbs). It was with many tears that Gobber pronounced proudly, "You're now a student more skilled than the master." his accent thicker than usual.

With the spare time he now found himself possessing, coupled with the lack of exploration done during the Dragon War, Hiccup discovered he was now a Dragon Trainer, a blacksmith inventor, and a mapmaker. He periodically (that is, whenever he had a spare moment) took Toothless out further than they had ever gone before, discovering new islands and viking settlements.

After managing to land and assuring everybody present that no, Toothless was not going to burn down all the houses, and yes, he was quite sure the beast wouldn't bite, Hiccup was able to explain the dragon situation and secure a permanent trading agreement between the island of Berk and the islands of Bashem, Bog-Burglar, and Meathead. He also furthered his research for the Book of Dragons, discovering many new breeds of dragons that had enough sense to stay away from Berk during the Dragon War. But anyways...

The boy surveyed the island far below him, taking note of the way north was before carefully navigating himself and Toothless to the point that had left off the day before. Instead of randomly sweeping the ocean, catering to the whims of the currents and winds as he would have had to do in a ship, Hiccup had been able to work himself away from Berk in an orderly spiral in order to map the ocean surrounding Berk more accurately. Sure it was slower, but he was in no rush.

Hiccup and Toothless lazily spiraled outward in ever-increasing arcs, occasionally hovering for a moment so Hiccup could draw in a small island and mark it for later exploration before continuing on their way. These expeditions out into the sky were rapidly becoming less of an adventure and more of a chance to relax, but of course the Gods could never leave Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third alone for too_ long. Such a thing would be unthinkable. So it was with little universal surprise that Hiccup was hit full in the face with a snowball.

He spluttered for a moment, wiping the frozen water away before coming face-to-face with a pair of bright blue eyes. Now, this usually wouldn't be much of a surprise to Hiccup, but as he was currently a couple thousand feet in the air and the eyes had no dragon to support them, he was understandably a little flabbergasted. The usually-intelligent Hiccup was reduced to, well...

"Uhhhhh..." Hiccup droned, staring at the white-haired stranger carrying a shepherd's crook floating in front of him. Said individual had a look of amusement on his face as he twirled his staff around in his fingers, scratching Toothless behind the ear as he waited for the teenager to regain his senses. Hiccup finally did, and with a profound bluntness only capable from Vikings he stated, "You're flying. Without a dragon."

"Very good, I am indeed. Give the boy a prize, ladies and gentlemen." the stranger said with a mocking grin, clapping with a slow sarcasm.

Hiccup paid no attention to this and instead asked, "How?"

The stranger's grin morphed into an expression of thoughtfulness as he thought about the question, staying that way for a few seconds before he said, "I'm BFFs with the wind, but I'm actually not sure why it listens to me. I'm aware of three things that define my existence. One, my staff channels magic. Two, nobody can see me if they don't believe. And three, the Moon is a stubborn old goat!"

This last part was shouted at the sky, and as thunder rumbled in the distance, seeming almost threatening, the stranger continued at the empty air above them, "Oh, shut up ya old coot!" and turned back to Hiccup with a grin.

Hiccup smiled back hesitantly, trying to inconspicuously nudge Toothless away from the deranged flying demon, and though nobody would think to gauge such an innocent action as so important, that single act of sorta-kinda-almost encouragement would spark a friendship the likes of which the world would not see again for a very long time. But...that's a different story. Back to this one.

"Name's Jack. Jack Frost." Jack said cheerfully, freezing a fish that had jumped out of the ocean far below, "I'm the spirit of Winter. Anything cold, it's probably my fault."

Hiccup looked surprised for about half a second before assuming a flat look and asking Jack, "So you're responsible for the frostbite that took Normy's toes?" referring to one of the villagers.

"Yes!" Jack answered cheerfully, then actually heard the question and tried to backtrack, "Wait, that's not what I - "

He was interrupted by Hiccup asking, "And you're responsible for me almost cracking my head open every time I go outside?"

"Well, uh..." Jack stuttered, getting a bit overwhelmed as Hiccup continued, "And it's because of you that on Berk, it snows nine months and hails the other three?"

"Eh heh heh...maybe?" Jack laughed sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head and fidgeting with his staff. Hiccup stared at Jack in a deadpan for a moment longer before directing Toothless around him and continuing on their map-making way. Except...

"The map!" Hiccup shouted in a panic, searching all around him in the hopes that it had gotten caught on Toothless' saddle. No such luck. "It's gone..." Hiccup groaned, flopping forward and resting his cheek against Toothless' neck, "Six months of work, all gone..."

Jack, meanwhile, was feeling very smug. "Awww, poor Dragon Boy. Your widdle map got blown away, did it?" Jack cooed, floating close to Hiccup only to receive an ear flap to the face.

Hiccup suddenly sat straight up in the saddle and glared at Jack with a fury hotter than any blacksmith's fire. "It's your fault." he growled dangerously, and Toothless, sensing his rider's mood, began growling at Jack, "You hit me with that snowball. I must've dropped the map then. It's all...your...fault."

"All my fault, eh? Oh, well then I guess you don't want it back then..." Jack said carelessly, holding up none other than Hiccup's map so he could look at it.

Hiccup's eyes widened, then narrowed dangerously as he hissed, "Give...it...back."

Jack put a hand to his chin, stroking it in exaggeration as he thought about this. Grinning with glee, he stated, "You'll have to catch me first!" before turning and zooming away quickly.

Dragon and rider sat in stunned silence before, with a loud cry of, "Get him!" Toothless jolted forward at a speed approaching that of light. Unfortunately for them, Toothless' speed sacrificed some of their maneuverability, and as soon as Jack took a sharp turn left they shot right past him. Banking to their left, Hiccup and Toothless circled around and charged the spirit again, but he simply dodged out of the way again. He then sped off in a seemingly random direction, knowing that Hiccup and Toothless would follow him. And they did.

For a full hour they pushed themselves after "Old Man" Winter, diving low before ascending as they followed his teasing face as fast as the wind could carry them. At some point during this chase they hit the mainland, a sprawling green mesa of hills, valleys, and plateaus peppered with human settlements, but Hiccup didn't notice this. He was entirely focused on catching up with Jack and getting his map back.

Jack dove suddenly, down toward a lake recently festooned with spiraling patterns of frost, and of course Toothless and Hiccup followed him. Jack pulled out of the dive as Hiccup and Toothless were nearing the treetops, giving them ample time to pull themselves up and land over by where Jack was.

"Give me that map, Jack Frost!" Hiccup shouted angrily, and was thoroughly confused when Jack handed said piece of paper back to him with a winning smile. Glaring at him with undisguised suspicion, Hiccup studied the map intently as he tried to find something wrong with it. When he couldn't, he looked back up at Jack and asked suspiciously, "Why'd you make us chase you if you were just gonna give the map back anyway?" and the winter spirit's triumphant expression turned to one of sheepishness.

"I was, uh, bored." he replied quietly, and despite his annoyance Hiccup burst out laughing.

He quieted down fairly quickly, muttering a couple 'sorry's as Toothless rolled his eyes and started wandering around the lake a bit. "Oh, the twins would love you." Hiccup confessed, not quite managing to stop his laughing completely. Jack was smiling again, taking Hiccup's laughter as a good sign, but his grin soon faded as Hiccup climbed atop Toothless again.

"Hey hey hey, where ya goin'? Ya just got here!" Jack protested, taking ahold of Toothless' saddle.

Hiccup shrugged and said, "We gotta get back to Berk to help with Dragon Training. Gobber's gonna need some help at the forge, too, what with the colder weather setting in and freezing cracks in all our tools..." aiming a mild glare at Jack.

Said white-haired teen wouldn't let his newest playmate leave without a fight, however.

"Uh uh, no way. I've watched you these last few days, and you two always stay out way past sunset on Frida...er, I mean, Freya's Day." Jack quickly corrected, leveling a look that was part hardened glare, part pleading expression, and part pout at Hiccup.

"You've been watching us." Hiccup said in an unimpressed tone, "Well, that's not creepy."

The pout part of Jack's look grew stronger as Hiccup said, "Look, Jack, it's been fun, but we really gotta get back."

Jack's pout grew even stronger, but then he suddenly released Toothless' saddle with a shrug. "Alright." he relented suspiciously, "Go on. I'll just stay here at my freezing lake where nobody can see me." causing Hiccup's brow to furrow in confusion.

"Oh, and before I forget..." Jack continued, turning away from Hiccup to hide his smirk, "...which way's Berk again? From here, I mean."

It took Hiccup all of two seconds to gather Jack's meaning.

"You manipulative little eel." Hiccup said with a hint of barely-concealed, reluctant respect, "Stealing the map was just a

ploy to lead me out here, wasn't it?"

"Oh look, two in a row. He's on fire, ladies and gentlemen." Jack said with a smile, facing Hiccup and clapping mockingly.

"No..." Hiccup began slowly, studying his fingernails nonchalantly, "That's you. In two seconds. Unless you tell me how to get home." and at this Toothless shot a plasma bolt at a spot about two inches from Jack's foot. "That was a warning shot." Hiccup informed him generously, still studying his nails, and Jack chuckled nervously.

"I-I'm the Spirit of Winter. You really think fire could hurt me?" Jack questioned, a cold sweat breaking out on his skin.

"You really think you could cool down superheated plasma before it burned you horribly?" Hiccup asked with an air of passive curiosity.

"U-Uh..." Jack stuttered, regarding Hiccup with a scared expression before it slowly melted back into his usual self-satisfied smirk. "Nice bluff, didn't work." he said, and Hiccup's absent expression changed to one of abashed amusement.

"Trying too hard?" he asked sheepishly, and Jack held up two fingers as he said, "Just a bit."

Hiccup let out a self-addressed scoff as he slid off Toothless again, asking after he was on solid ground, "Alright, whattaya want?" and was just a bit confused when Jack answered, with a flustered smile, "A...a friend..."

Hiccup cocked his head to the side, and Jack sighed before starting, "Let me explain. A couple of years ago, I came outta that lake with the only thing I knew being my name."

He pointed to the lake behind Hiccup, and the boy glanced over his shoulder before nodding skeptically. "I found out that nobody could see, hear, or touch me. A few weeks later, I started exploring further away from the lake, and I found the ocean. I thought that, maybe, somebody on another continent would be able to explain why nobody on this one could see me, so I started flying. I came across a couple of islands, but nobody on them could see me...until I found yours. I started exploring, and that was when I came across your wisewoman, or shaman, or...whatever you call her."

"Elder?" Hiccup supplied helpfully, and Jack waved it off with a, "Yeah, her. She explained that only people who believe in me could see me, and since nobody knew who I was, nobody could see me. She promised that, if she could, she'd convince people I existed, but apparently they just lumped me in with the god Ullr."

Hiccup's gaze softened in sympathy. He sorta knew how it felt, being ignored by everyone, but he also knew he could never understand the level of loneliness Jack had endured over the years.

"I've found..." Jack continued, "...that if I hit people with snowballs when they're flying, they know somebody threw it. They know that somebody's there, so they believe in me. And by the time they see I'm flying without a dragon, they've already seen me, and it's

too late for them."

The teenager grinned evilly, but in his eyes Hiccup could see...a loneliness, barely concealed. It was this that prompted him to say, "Well, I guess it's too late for me then. I suppose we could stay for a little while..." and Toothless fwumped down into a napping position. Hiccup raised an amused eyebrow and took the saddle off Toothless quickly, promptly flopping forward as a snowball impacted the back of his head.

He propped himself up and spit out a mouthful of snow, laughing brightly as he promised, "Oh, you're gonna get it now!" and rocketed to his feet. He scooped up a snowball and launched it at Jack, who spluttered as it exploded against the side of his face. He let out a laugh and threw a few more snowballs at his new Viking friend, who managed to duck two but not the third. He flinched as it hit his stomach, then sent five more Jack's way in quick succession. The white-haired spirit laughed as they all made contact, and then the two boys started circling each other.

Slowly, mirroring each others actions, they bent down to scoop up handfuls of snow, straightening up and yet not making a move to shape their cargo into sphere form. With identical battle cries, they rushed at each other, each fully intent on shoving their snow into the others faces (or perhaps down their shirt).

However, intent as he was on his targets, Hiccup failed to notice the patch of ice in front of his prosthetic. His leg slipped out from under him, and quick as a flash Jack's arm whipped out to catch the scrawny teen. He underestimated Hiccup's weight, however, and not only did he fail to stop Hiccup's speedy descent to the ground, he was pulled down on top of him.

Hiccup laid there, his head dazed and his stomach rebelling at the disorientation he felt. Simply breathing, slowly and deeply, he chanced a look down and blushed madly as he realized exactly where the both of them were. Jack, however, was smiling in an unconcerned, almost lazy way.

Spirits didn't need sleep, per se, but they still got tired, and Jack had spent the past few days snowing in most of the northern hemisphere. He was, understandably, a little fatigued, so it wouldn't confuse anyone that knew him to see him, instead of getting off Hiccup, lay his head down on the brunette's chest and snuggle up with a contented sigh.

After a few awkward moments, Hiccup asked in an embarrassed tone, "Uh, Jack?"

He got a lazy, questioning noise in return, so he stuttered, "D-Do you think you could get off me now?"

"Nope." Jack sluggishly, "I've been awake for the past week, and it's hard for me to settle down long enough to get comfortable. I'm comfortable now."

Toothless, who had watched the proceedings with a cracked eye, got up with an amused sound and lumbered tiredly over to his saddle. He nudged the small saddlebag open and brought out the blanket Hiccup kept in there for emergencies, dragging it over to the two and

draping it over them.

"Oh gee, thanks." Hiccup drawled, but if he had to admit it to himself, he didn't exactly...mind the current setup. He bit his lip as Toothless moved behind the two to curl up around them protectively, nudging Hiccup's head up to put one of his paws underneath. It was a surprisingly comfortable pillow. The spirit laying on top of him was already asleep, and lulled by his rhythmic breathing, Hiccup found himself following.

2. Ours

Night had fallen mere minutes ago. Toothless had wandered away to procure dinner, and everything was silent. Until, that is, Jack woke as a shivery shudder went up his spine. He stood up cautiously and looked around, glancing down at Hiccup's sleeping form. His eyes narrowed as he tried to pinpoint the source of the oh-so-familiar sensation, but as always the boy avoided his detection. He let out a troubled hum and sat down beside Hiccup, wary of anything his 'friend' might try with the boy nearby.

And then, suddenly, there he was. "Hey cuz'. How's it hangin'?" said the boy that looked so extraordinarily like him. His hair was jet black, though, and his clothes were a darker shade than his. He didn't know exactly where the boy had come from, but someone that looked so like him had to be related some how, right?

"I'm fine. How are you, Jake?" Jack called, taking his staff up in one hand. He didn't especially mind Jake Frost, but sometimes the boy could be a bitâ€|unpredictable.

"Same as always. Snow days, fun times, all that jazz." Jake said dismissively, falling backwards off the tree limb he was standing on to land lightly on the pond.

He began walking towards Jack and Hiccup, smiling slightly as he asked, "So who's this, then? Another dragon trainer you tricked into believing in you?"

Jack glanced over at Hiccup and realized that the boy was entirely vulnerable, so he began lightly shaking his shoulder as he answered, "Is there any other way to get them to believe?"

Jake sighed sadly and replied, "Sadly no, what with Ullr taking credit for all our work."

"The nerve of some people!" Jack pronounced with an angry flourish, bringing a grin to Jake's face, "Pretending they did something other people did!"

"What a jerk!" Jake accused to the sky, ignoring the rumbling thunder in the distance and flopping down on Hiccup's other side.

The boy, by this point, was pretty much awake, though he still had a few cobwebs adorning his brain. These promptly burst into flames when Jake pressed a finger to his chin to make Hiccup look up at him, asking softly, "And who, might I ask, is this little bundle of adorableness?"

Hiccup flushed red, totally contrasting his angry exclamation of, "I'm not adorable!"

Jake's eyes flicked to Jack, a dubious eyebrow raised, before returning to Hiccup. Jack had an awful feeling in his stomach, and it was proven right when Jake suddenly pronounced, "I've discovered something interesting."

He was obviously talking to Jack, but his eyes never left Hiccup. "A-and, uh, what would that be?" Hiccup asked, a bit flustered. His brief flash of anger had drained away, leaving him quite aware of the slow, predatory grin on Jake's face.

"I've discovered how to bend moonlight." Jake said airily. This didn't make any sense in the slightest to Hiccup, but Jack had immediately been alarmed.

"What do you mean?" Jack asked sharply, placing a protective hand on Hiccup's arm, but Jake merely said, "Don't worry cousin, I'll share."

Jack's eyes widened as the moon flared brightly, silvery strands of light escaping in shining ribbons to swirl lazily around the three teens seated on the lake's edge.

Hiccup looked around wildly, fear of the unknown starting to set in, but his gaze snapped back to Jake as the spirit said, "Despite my appearance as the dark twin, I'm not cruel. You'll be reborn, not frozen in time."

Jake cupped both of Hiccup's cheeks in his hands as they began rising into the air, arcane energy beyond human understanding beginning to flow into Hiccup. Like water over his skin, a small part of his brain noted as they rose higher and higher.

"What do you mean, reborn?!" Hiccup asked in alarm as the moonlight began swirling faster and faster, Jack desperately trying to pull him down by his waist. Jake merely winked down at Hiccup (and, it seemed, Jack), glancing up at the moon before back down at Hiccup.

"There's only one thing you need to concern yourself with." he said matter-of-factly. His grin grew just a bit wider, a sinister inflection stealing through it as he continued, "From this point onâ€|" then paused for effect.

Three beats.

"You're ours."

3. So?

Hiccup awoke slowly, a feeling of confusion welling up inside him as he rememberedâ€|something? It seemed as though he should beâ€|alarmed about something, but he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was. He looked down and flushed to see Jack exactly where he had landed the other night, the feeling of alarm fading to be replaced with burning embarrassment.

He gently shook Jack awake, slightly reluctant to since he looked so

peaceful but wanting to regain the use of his body. Jack woke up slowly, yawning exaggeratedly as he sat up and looking at Hiccup with wide eyes and an innocent grin.

"Morning Hic'." he said brightly, looking around for his staff before spotting it laying against Toothless. He plucked it from its resting place and flew up to a tree limb, pointing in a random direction and yelling down, "Berk is about an hour that way at your full speed."

He jumped down and landed on the ground nimbly, walking over to Hiccup with a slightly nervous smile.

Hiccup paused in his stretching to give Jack a contemplative look, then asked with a laugh, "What?"

Jack's smile dimmed a bit, and he scratched his neck in embarrassment as he stumbled, "Well, I justâ€|Iâ€|" then stopped.

Hiccup, a concerned look on his face, got to his feet and put a hand on Jack's shoulder, questioning softly, "Jack?"

Jack looked at him with lonely eyes, and suddenly Hiccup knew that 'nobody can see me unless they believe' was literal.

"Aw, come on Jack! Cheer up! Iâ€|I canâ€|I'll come back! I'll visit! And you can visit me!" Hiccup proposed, smiling as Jack lit up in a smile. Behind them, Toothless gave a little growl, and Hiccup looked over his shoulder at the dragon. "Yeah, you're right buddy. People will be worryingâ€|" Hiccup admitted, shooting Jack a sad look and beginning to strap Toothless' saddle back on.

Jack fidgeted idly, shooting glances around the clearing and freezing tree bark as the leather and metal harness was strapped to the dragon's back. Finally it was on, and Hiccup mounted the dragon with a smile at Jack. "Bye Jack! I think there's an opening this Thor's Day, so expect us then!" he said cheerfully, and then the duo was off.

Jack gazed at the stylized tattoo on the back of Hiccup's neck as it faded into his skin, Jake landing on the ground behind him as he bit the inside of his cheek. Finally he asked simply, "So?"

"He's still mortal." Jake told him readily, "He'll age, and die. It's sort of like a tripwire alarm. When he passes the threshold of death, the moonlight inside him will wake up and turn him into a spirit."

After a slight pause, neither of them saying anything, the dark-haired boy added nervously, "I see him as Spirit of Autumn."

Jack sighed; Hiccup would live forever now, without even a by-your-leave, and though Jake had acted rashly, though he was sorry Hiccup would have to experience thatâ€|Jack couldn't truthfully say he himself wasn't wishing it would happen.

"Andâ€|that 'belonging to us' thing?" Jack asked hesitantly, slightly scared to hear the answer, but Jake sounded unconcerned as he said, "Oh, nothing too drastic. That was something I cooked up to apply to

my stuff. We'll be able to find him anywhere, anytime, and we'll know if he's in trouble, but that's about it."

Oh. Well. That actually sounded really useful. He could indeed see a faint auburn string of light trailing away towards the horizon, over which Hiccup had disappeared long ago, and Jack hummed in thought.

"So we'll always be able to keep him safe." Jack murmured, almost too low for Jake to hear, but even though he did he wisely stayed silent.

Jack had been watching Hiccup and Toothless far longer than the Viking realized. He had formed a bond with the outcast; in a way, Hiccup was as alone as him. It had torn Jack to shreds to see him fall into the roiling mass of fire created by the Green Death, and he had to hold himself back from diving in after the teen in spite of getting sick from the heat stroke, even though he couldn't do anything.

He had flown down to the beach as soon as it had cleared away, finding the Vikings and walking " actually walking " with them to find Hiccup. He stumbled forward with Astrid, their steps almost the same, as they saw Toothless lying there alone, and he had cried out in joy along with the tribe of Vikings when Hiccup was revealed to be wrapped in the reptile.

He was on the edge of his seat with nerves and anxiousness as they tried to seal Hiccup's leg, a feat made easier by the heat of the Green Death partly cauterizing the wound, and had sighed with relief with the rest of them when the Elder proclaimed there was no sign of infection. He had " he had "

He had gotten attached.

This is what led him to 'kidnap' Hiccup; he never wanted to let anything hurt him again.

Facing away from Jake as he was, the dark twin couldn't see the corners of Jack's mouth curl up ever so slightly.

End
file.